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04x14 - Liberty Ride

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04x14 - Liberty Ride

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **07/30/04 07:44**

[The opening shot is an aerial view of the Liberty Ride. Michael and Ben take time out to call the other "happily married" couple back in Pittsburgh and tell them the good news.]

Mel: Married?

Lindsay: Married? Omigod!

Michael: We did it in Toronto, where it's actually legal.

Ben: We wish you'd been there with us.

Lindsay: Us too. When you get back I'm gonna cry anyway.

Ben: When you get back, we're gonna all go out and celebrate.

Michael: The two married couples. Call us if the baby crosses the finish line before we do.

Mel: Oy vey. Stop with the worrying!

Lindsay: See you in a few days. And congratulations!

Michael: Bye.

Ben: Bye.

[They hang up.]

Lindsay: Married. Legally!

Mel: At least in Canada.

Lindsay: Someday here.

Mel: That's when g*y people find out, be careful what you wish for. It might come true.

Lindsay: That's for sure! What makes them think they'll be any better at it than those long-suffering straight people.

Mel: The only people who'll profit from it are divorce lawyers. I'll have a whole new clientele to bill.

Lindsay: I guess that's one good thing about not being allowed to marry.

Mel: Not having to get a divorce?

[At the border, the newlyweds encounter a Gratuitously h*m* Customs Agent wittily named Butz. He eyes Ben and Michael's papers suspiciously.]

Butz: Next! How long were you in Canada?

Ben: Two days.

Butz: Purpose of visit?

Michael: We're doing a bicycle ride for charity.

Butz: (looking at form) Both your names are on this.

Ben: It says spouses can use the same form.

Michael: While we were in Canada, we took advantage of the fact that same-sex marriages are legal.

Ben: So we tied the knot.

Hunter: They're husband and husband.

Butz: Who's he?

Ben & Michael (in unison): Our son.

Butz: This may be legal in Canada, but the United States of America doesn't recognize g*y marriages.

Brian: Oh, c'mon officer. They're just a couple of crazy kids who fell in love and got hitched! Give 'em a break!

Butz: If you want to enter the country, you're gonna have to fill out two separate forms as single individuals. Next!

[Debbie slams her passport down on the counter.]

Butz: Did you bring any fruit into the country?

Debbie: (Belligerently) 250 of 'em. On bicycles!

Butz: The purpose of your visit was 'to experience the greatest joy I've ever known, seeing my g*y son marry his lover'?

Debbie: You got a problem with that, Butz?

Michael: (in embarrassment) Ma!

Butz: (to Deb) As I explained to your son, the government of the United States doesn't recognize gays getting married.

Debbie: But you do recognize Britney Spears gettin' loaded and getting married one night and then

having it annulled the next morning! Or two total strangers getting married for a million f*ck' bucks on television! Is that the sanctity of marriage that you assholes are protecting?

Michael: Ma!

Debbie: Well, what is this sh*t? Not letting you back in your own country! Like your marriage doesn't count?! If it's good enough for Canada and the Queen of f*ck' England, it's good enough for Butz!

[Butz smiles evilly.]

Butz: Ma'am? You like smoked salmon?

Debbie: What does that have to do with anything?

Butz: Cause if you don't shut up, you're gonna spend the rest of your life in Nova Scotia. Next!

[Cut to Justin in Big Hollywood, looking at Keller's Rage posters.]

Brett: I had these mocked up, just to get a feel.

Justin: It feels unreal.

Brett: For now, but not for long. I also asked a production designer I have in mind to do a rendering of Rage's lair. What do you think?

Justin: It's good! It needs to be darker. Not dark-scary, but dark-sexy. A place you dream of getting f*cked in. And his bed should be more center. And raised, like an altar, since Rage's sexual energy is what motivates the character and drives the action.

Brett: I couldn't have put it better myself.

Intercom: Brett? Marty's on the line.

Brett: Hi, Marty. Yeah, it was a good meeting. That's why I wanted you to meet him. Uh-huh. Well, if you say so. You're the boss!

[He hangs up, turns to Justin.]

Brett: We have the green light!

Justin: That's awesome!

Brett: You were awesome. You showed everyone in that meeting the one thing Hollywood fears most.

Justin: Bad hair?

Brett: Honesty.

Justin: I was just speaking my mind.

Brett: You hungry? Getting a go always makes me famished. Blair? Get me a table at Spago. (To Justin) If we're lucky, we may have a Nancy Reagan sighting. Oh, and cancel Mr. Taylor's flight. He'll be staying

until tomorrow.

Justin: What for?

Brett: You just got a picture picked up. We can't leave town without celebrating.

[Dinnertime at the Liberty Ride campsite. Emmett is dressed like a giant tiger.]

Emmett: This seat taken? Oh, my aching tush! It's been given a workout before, but never like this! How's yours?

Ted: It's fine.

Emmett: How are your meatballs?

Ted: Fine.

Emmett: Something's not fine.

Ted: Tomorrow's my birthday.

Emmett: Unless you've been reborn, your birthday's in August.

Ted: My 12-step birthday. It'll be six months since I've been in the program.

Emmett: I'll drink to that!

[Ted gives him a look.]

Emmett: Just trying to keep things g*y!

Ted: I don't feel very g*y right now. This is exactly what I was afraid of. It's the longest I've gone without a meeting since getting out of rehab and I'm feeling nervous, anxious, lost.

[Debbie's multitasking, doing what she does best: pushing food and bitching.]

Debbie: There you go, honey. There's plenty more if you want seconds.

[She plunks some grub down on the Novotny Bruckner' table.]

Ben: Why don't you sit down and eat something?

Debbie: I'm not hungry.

Michael: C'mon, Mom. You need to keep up your strength, too.

Debbie: g*dd*mn border guard. Not lettin' you in!

Michael: He was just following the law. Marriage doesn't exist, at least not for us, not here.

Ben: But it will. Once the snowball starts rolling, there's no way to stop it.

[Brian shows up with a wedding cake decorated with two grooms on top. One of them is hunky and muscular and the other is tiny.]

Debbie: Oh my god!

Michael: What the f*ck is that?

Brian: You've been to enough heterosexual suicide pacts to know. This is a wedding cake. It's for your reception.

Michael: I mean, where'd it come from?

Ben: In the middle of nowhere.

Brian: We're back in the US of A. For enough money, you can buy anything. And here's a little something to wash it down.

[He reaches into his jacket and whips out a magnum of Moet.]

Debbie: That stuff costs a fortune!

Brian: That's right, the f*ck it will.

Debbie: You're the last person I ever expected to be celebrating a marriage.

Brian: To the Novotny-Bruckners! Long may it wave!

[A band starts up. It's a bunch of Hasidic-looking dudes with accordions and fiddles.]

Debbie: That's a band?

Brian: What were you expecting, Tommy Dorsey?

[The happy couple dances together. Then everybody starts dancing.]

[Mel and Lindz engage in a polite, civilized discussion about the imminent demise of their relationship.]

Mel: Where will you go?

Lindsay: I'll find an apartment. Hopefully near Gus's school.

Mel: We don't want to pull him out. It will be traumatic enough as it is.

Lindsay: For all of us.

Mel: (biting into a chocolate chip cookie) God, these are good!

Lindsay: Baking's very therapeutic.

Mel: Chocolate chip therapy. You could put every shrink out of business.

Lindsay: I also think we should keep all the accounts the same, at least for now. No need to throw everything into chaos.

Mel: I agree.

Lindsay: Where you going?

Mel: To the bathroom, for the ten thousandth time today.

Lindsay: Oh, yes. I remember it well. I'll go get Gus his bath.

Mel: How do we explain all of this to him?

Lindsay: I don't know. I guess we wait 15 years and he'll tell us the reason he's so screwed up is because of his crazy mothers.

[Mel picks up the teapot and stands up.]

Lindsay: I'll do that.

Mel: I'll get it.

[She stops. The teapot goes crashing to the floor.]

[Emmett, dressed in Technicolor fleece, comes bounding up to Ted.]

Emmett: Happy birthday, baby!

Ted: Mind not rubbing it in?

Emmett: Who's rubbing it in? Check it out. Seems Brad - you know Mr. Hunky with the broad shoulders and big arms who lugs our tents around? - is from these parts and he says we're not too far from this town (consults map) Little Hope - see?

Ted: Where?

Emmett: There.

Ted: It's a smudge.

Emmett: It's a town. And they have a 12-step meeting every day at the First Methodist Church. Although it's such a small town, it's probably just a two-step!

Ted: A lot of good that does me! It's not even on our route.

Emmett: No. But if we veer off here, ride to Little Hope there, we can take this road back and rejoin the group ici.

Ted: (Looking at map) It's not a totally idiotic idea.

Emmett: Thanks.

Ted: I didn't mean - thanks, Em. Really.

Emmett: See? Told you I'd be here for ya, didn't I?

[Mikey cycles up to check on Brian.]

Michael: Hey, sport! How ya doing?

Brian: Never should have had that second piece of wedding cake. But when the love of your life marries somebody else, what choice do you have but to drown yourself in buttercream filling?

Michael: You'll burn it off in no time.

Brian: Cause I'm the man!

Michael: You are, dude!

Brian: f*ck the doctors. f*ck the naysayers. I'm still young. I'm still g-g-g-gorgeous. I'm still hot.

Michael: You know it.

[Brian catches the eye of potential trick.]

Brian: Look. Mikey. No hands!

[And now for a stroke of divine intervention Brian loses control and falls off his bike. Cut to Brian and Michael and a paramedic.]

Para: Looks to me like you broke your clavicle.

Brian: It hurts llike a m*therf*cker.

Michael: That'll teach you to cruise guys no-handed.

Para: The good news is, it seems like it's a clean break so it'll mend well.

Brian: Did I mention that it hurts like a m*therf*cker?

Michael: Is he gonna have to wear a cast?

Para: Because of where he injured himself, all he can do is wrap it.

Brian: I'm sure I mentioned it hurts like a m*therf*cker.

Para: We will give you some Vicodin.

Brian: Ah - hear that? Just like Babylon.

Para: And then we'll send you home.

Brian: Excuse me?

Para: We'll take you in for some X-rays and then we'll find a volunteer to drive you back to Pittsburgh. Sorry, Buddy. Ride's over.

[The other invalid is sitting in a wheelchair in the hospital corridor.]

Mel: I'm scared, Lindz. This is all so weird.

Lindsay: I know. I've been through it. How many husbands can say that to their wives?

Nurse: I'll be right back for you, hon. Don't go anywhere.

Mel: I felt so left out when you had Gus.

Lindsay: Aren't you grateful now you'll get to experience this yourself?

Mel: No! I want them to knock me out, wake me up when this f*ck' things over!

[Lindsay laughs.]

Mel: Don't leave. Stay. Get me through this.

Lindsay: And give up my theatre tickets?

[But she says it kindly. They hold hands.]

Nurse: OK, the room's are ready for you.

[They wheel Mel into the room and get her into bed. Mel clutches her gut.]

Mel: Oooh! That's a b*tch of a contraction!

Lindsay: Now do you remember what we learned at Lamaze?

Mel: Ow! Barely! Ooh!

Lindsay: It'll come back to you. Here's your focal point (hands her a stuffed bunny). Start your breathing.

[At the campground that night the Happy Married Pair throw a pity party for Brian.]

Michael: The medic says there's no way he could finish.

Hunter: That sucks the hairy wang.

Brian: Now what?

Michael: Some volunteer's gotta drive him home.

Debbie: Poor guy. He worked so hard. I'm gonna set the table for 250.

Hunter: What's on there next?

Debbie: Wrack up lamb with pucchino risotto or labsrev sauce and chocolate juice for desert.

Ben: What give it in real?

Debbie: OK, shop beef and full of surprise, for christ sakes.

Michael: I wonder if Ted and Emmett will be back in time for dinner. Excuse me! Pardon me, mister!

Brian: You talking to me?

Michael: You're in severe pain! You should be resting! What the hell do you think you're doing?

Brian: Practicing riding one-handed.

Michael: But you're not seriously - ?

Brian: Yes, I am. Seriously.

Ben: But you're seriously injured.

Brian: Would you stop using the word 'seriously'?

Ben: They're sending someone to take you back.

Brian: I'm not going.

Michael: Yes, you are! The paramedic told you -

Brian: f*ck what the paramedic told me!

Ben: There's no way you can bicycle all the way back to -

Brian: And stop telling me what I f*cking can't do!

[Michael takes his hand off the handlebar.]

Brian: See you on the road.

[He wobbles off.]

[Keller leads Justin through a trendy Hollywood club. Justin is all starry-eyed.]

Justin: This place seems pretty exclusive.

Brett: Naw, they're just people. Rich people. Gorgeous people. Famous people. Something tells me you'll feel at home here in no time.

Justin: It's gonna be tough going back to Pittsburgh after this.

Brett: Why go? Stay here, work in the movies. Isn't that everyone's dream?

Justin: And do what?

Brett: Assistant art director on Rage.

Justin: You're kidding.

Brett: You've got talent, passion, ambition, and if I might add, the backing of an A-list director. What else do you need?

Justin: How long would I be here?

Brett: Six, eight months depending on the schedule.

[And here comes Conor James.]

Conor: Brettski!

Brett: Hey, Con! You remember Justin?

Conor: Of course, the man who let Rage fly.

Justin: It's nice to see you again.

Brett: They give us the green line.

Conor: Awesome, congrat's.

Brett: Script's coming over, so keep up the gym. No touch in no reason.

Conor: When we get in my place?

Brett: I love to, but there are new faces I meet.

[Brett goes away.]

[Ted and Emmett are lost in a cornfield. Looks like they're not in Kansas anymore.]

Ted: I thought you knew how to read a map!

Emmett: Of course I know how to read a map. You go down this road, make a left at Up Yours, then continue on about three miles to Go f*ck Yourself!

Cow: Moo!

[Ted starts hyperventilating.]

Emmett: Teddy, what is it?

Ted: It's dark, we're lost, I'm never making it to that meeting, I'm having a panic attack and why did I listen to you in the first place?

Emmett: I was just trying to help.

Ted: Well, you're only making things worse!

[Emmett gets up from his haystack and makes an announcement.]

Emmett: We're gonna have a meeting. Right here, right now!

Cow: Moooo!

Ted: With what, livestock?

Emmett: It only takes two people to have a meeting, right? One to talk and one to listen. This meeting will now come to order! (Brief pause) Now what?

Ted: Since it's my birthday, someone needs to introduce me.

Emmett: (Hesitates, looks around, sees only cows) I guess that would be me. Attention, everyone! We have a birthday tonight! That's right! Six months, clean and sober! You know him, you love him, the one, the only - Ted Schmidt! (He sits down) How was that?

Ted: Perfect, if I was appearing at the Copacabana. We only use first names. It's anonymous.

Emmett: Sorry, "Ted." Go on, get up there!

Ted: This is ridiculous.

[But he stands up.]

Cow: Moooo!

Ted: Hi, I'm Ted. I'm a substance ab*ser. You're supposed to say, "Hi Ted."

Emmett: Right. Hi, Ted! Now what?

Ted: Now I tell everyone, or, in this case, one, that it's my birthday and then they bring me a cake.

Emmett: Cake. (He rummages in his knapsack and produces a donut.) How's this?

[Ted is underwhelmed.]

Emmett: Next!

Ted: Then I share.

[Emmett nods, waits expectantly.]

Ted: Six months ago, I was out of control. I was lost. But now, thanks to Bill W., the good Lord and the program, my life has turned around. And I have faith, I have purpose, but most of all, I have wonderful friends who stood by me and helped lead me down the right road. Thank God they didn't need a map to do it.

Cow: Moo!

Ted: (bows) Thank you for listening. Thank you, ladies. And then we cut the cake!

[They split the donut.]

Emmett: Happy birthday, Teddy.

Ted: Thanks, Em.

[They "toast" each other with the donut halves.]

Emmett: What do we do now?

Ted: Now's when we usually go out for coffee!

[Brian envisions Justin at the side of the road cheering him on. But it's not enough. He falters. He can't go on.]

Michael: That's it, I'm calling for help.

Brian: The f*ck you are! Just go on and ride with your husband.

Michael: And leave you alone?

Brian: I'll be alright.

Michael: (sarcastically) I can see that. I'm staying here with you.

[Gasping for breath, Brian shakes out a cigarette.]

Michael: Why are you doing this? To show everyone what a hero you are, that despite insurmountable odds the great Kinney can cross the finish line with one arm tied behind his back?

Brian: In front of my back.

Michael: In front of your back. There's no need to. You've already proved yourself. You've raised $100,000 for the hospice. What more do you need to do?

Brian: It's not about the money.

Michael: Well, what's it about? k*lling yourself?

[He tries to help Brian with the lighter. Brian shakes him away.]

Brian: f*ck off! I can do it! Did you ever see that story on TV about the women who had cancer - (he tries a couple more times to get the cigarette lit, then gives up). Anyway, they all had cancer so what do they do, they go to this boot camp where they have to climb over walls and crawl through the mud, swing over these bottomless pits while this former Luftwaffe drill sergeant terrorizes them. I'm watching this and I'm thinking, Christ! Don't these crazy b*tches have enough sh*t to deal with? Then one of 'em comes out of this swamp that's full of f*cking crocodiles or sharks or something and she's laughing. Laughing! She says, "If I can survive this, I can survive anything."

Michael: [long pause] C'mon.

[Next morning at Keller's. Justin sneaks in quietly so as not to wake up Brett. But Keller's already up.]

Brett: Coffee?

Justin: I didn't think you'd be up.

Brett: Are you kidding? I already worked out with my trainer, made ten calls to New York, read two scripts and the trades. Have a role from Campanile. Best bread on the planet. f*ck the carbs. So, how was your evening? Did Conor take good care of you?

Justin: (smirking) Yeah, he's a cool guy.

Brett: And hot. Does Brian know about your extramarital activities?

Justin: We're not married, Brian detests marriage.

Brett: That's a unique position to take when every f*g on earth wants to say "I do."

Justin: Well, we'd rather say, "I don't." That way, we can be together because we want to be, not because we have to be.

Brett: How very Rage-ian. Better go clean up and pack. There'll be a car here in an hour to take you to the airport.

Justin: By the way, I've thought about your offer. I really appreciate it.

Brett: But -

Justin: There is no but. I wanna do it. So I'm comin' back.

[Ted and Emmett are walking their bikes after a not-so-restful night sleeping under the stars.]

Emmett: My back is k*lling me. That's the lumpiest ground I ever slept on.

Ted: You weren't sleeping on the ground. You were sleeping on me. So I ended up being your support when you were supposed to be mine.

Emmett: Look, I woke up without any coffee and worse, I'm out of breath mints. So would you kindly spare me your morning sarcasm?

[Pause.]

Emmett: Sorry, Teddy, you're right. I am supposed to be your support system and here I am, pulling the props out from under you. You go ahead. Make all the sarcastic, insensitive remarks you want.

Ted: I'm sorry, too, Em. You've been a wonderful support. But if it turns out we're hopelessly lost or for whatever reason I don't survive the elements, I want you to know you have my permission to eat me.

Emmett: Thank you, Teddy! That's the most generous thing one person ever said to another one.

[They come to an actual paved road.]

Emmett: The highway!

Ted: Which way do we go?

Emmett: Well, let's take a look.

[He gets out the map; Ted snatches it away.]

Ted: To hell with that! It hasn't led us in the right direction yet.

[Emmett looks around; he seems to hear or sense something.]

Emmett: Don't you hear it?

[He gets down and puts his ear against the ground.]

Ted: What are you doing?

Emmett: The Native Americans used to do this to hear which way the cavalry was advancing.

Ted: Wouldn't it be easier to just look?

Emmett: Omigod. Omigod, it's the Liberty Ride!

[And so it is.]

Emmett: I guess even though we didn't know it, we were on the right road all along.

[He waves and they ride off to join the pack.]

Music: # Oh happy day

[And now we have the Liberty Ride Send-Off in reverse. At the finish line, Deb congratulates the riders as they return. Here come Ted and Emmett. Hugs all around.]

Music: # Oh happy day

Oh happy day (oh happy day)

Oh happy day (oh happy day)

When Jesus washed

(when jesus washed)

Oh, when He washed

(when jesus washed)

When Jesus washed

(when jesus washed)

He washed my sins away

(oh happy day)

Oh happy day

(oh happy day)

Debbie: Welcome home, guys! We're so proud of you.

Oh happy day (oh happy day)

When Jesus washed

(when jesus washed)

Oh, when He washed

(when jesus washed)

When Jesus washed

(when jesus washed)

Debbie: Welcome home, guys! Welcome! How'd you get here so fast?

Ted: Faith, focus, fortitude -

Emmett: Not to mention pedaling our f*cking fannies off.

[Next up: Justin's back.]

Justin: Hi!

Debbie: Well, there's a little bit of Sunshine! Straight from Hollywood! Hi, honey!

Emmett: How was it out there, sweetie?

Justin: It was amazing. But I'm sorry I missed the ride.

Debbie: You made the best part, the finish.

Ted: You'll never guess who went along.

Justin: Brian? Yeah. He told me he wasn't going.

Debbie: Unfortunately, he had a little injury.

Justin: Is he alright?

Debbie: The stubborn sonofab*tch insisted on finishing the ride. Get some juice, c'mon.

[The lovefest continues with the arrival of Ben and Hunter.]

Debbie: Well, look who's here! [she hugs] Oh, I'm so proud. So, where's Michael?

Hunter: With Brian.

Ben: Yeah, he should be here any minute.

[The next scene is probably hours later. It's dark out. It's snowing. Justin, Deb, Hunter and Ben are still waiting. Ben tries to reach Michael's cell, to no avail.]

He taught me how

to watch

to fight and pray

fight and pray #

Ben: I can't get threw of them.

Debbie: I'm starting to get worried. Actually I start hours ago.

Justin: Maybe we should go searching.

[Then Hunter spots them.]

Hunter: Look!

[Justin starts to go to Brian.]

Deb: No! Let him finish.

[Everybody watches the tragic hero struggle to the finish line.]

Michael: C'mon.

Brian: [hard breathing] I can't.

Michael: Look who's there.

Brian: f*ck it... f*ck it...

[Brian is inspired by the vision of Justin - but this time it's the real thing. All cheers them up. He made it the few foots until the goal line.]

Justin: [to Brian] Go getting k*ll yourself for all this!

Brian: I save it for ya.

Ben: [to Michael] I thoughed you're at the hospital.

Michael: There is no need. Brian's gonna be OK.

Ben: I didn't mean that. Lindsay called around an hour ago. You're a dad.

[Debbie laughs overwhelmed.]

Debbie: I'm a grandmother!

[Michael and Ben go to the hospital to meet the new arrival.]

Michael: Oh my god, look at her. You're so tiny.

Mel: She didn't that feel coming out.

Lindsay: I leasts 14 hours.

Mel: I'm feeling like a bowling ball threw the ivon needle.

Michael: TMI.

Ben: Turn off your commention.

Michael: [to her daughter] You're here. You're finally here. Have you picked up a name?

Mel: Contention on the approval three parties I was thinking Jenny Rebecca.

Ben: Like her grandmothers?

Mel: Yes.

Ben: There you go, I take a picture. Now the three parents. Smile! Oh, perfect. OK, now how about one with the two happy moms?

[There are no such persons in the room, but Lindsay and Mel try to put on game faces. Lindz sits gingerly on the bed and they pose together.]

Ben: Got it. Oh, I frame it.

[By the next day, Jenny Rebecca is already a celebrity in the Liberty Diner. Deb serves up a calorie-laden ice cream creation to those new/old best friends, Ted and Emmett.]

Debbie: There ya go! The Jenny Rebecca triple ripple hot fudge sundae, named in honor of my gorgeous new granddaughter.

Emmett: It took Joan Crawford 23 years to get a sandwich named after her at the Stage Deli.

Debbie: Why don't you boys sit down?

Ted: Thanks, but we prefer to stand.

Emmett: Our buns are a little battered.

Debbie: Well, you I understand (indicating Ted), but you - ! You're a disgrace to nelly bottoms everywhere!

Emmett: First thing I did when I got home last night? Weighed myself.

Ted: You too? So how much did you lose?

Emmett: Seven pounds.

Ted: Five and a half. Couldn't have done it without you!

Emmett: Lost weight?

Ted: The ride, Em.

Emmett: Sure you could.

Ted: Maybe! But I'd rather have done it with my best friend.

[They are fighting for one cherry.]

[Horvath presents Deb with an "I 'heart' my granddaughter" t-shirt.]

Debbie: Carl!

Carl: Look what I've got ya.

Debbie: I love it!

Carl: I thought you would. It's a lot more accurate than the one you're wearing.

[Deb's shirt says "I 'heart' my p*nis"!]

Debbie: Thank you!

Carl: So now that you're a grandmother, are you ready to be a bride?

Debbie: Carl -

Carl: What kind of a wedding you want? Big, small, indoor, outdoor? Although it's still a little nippy, it's up to you. Whatever you say.

Debbie: Whatever I say?

[He nods.]

Debbie: In that case, I don't want a wedding.

Carl: No wedding?

Debbie: I can't marry you. Not because I don't love you, because God knows I do.

Carl: Then what?

Debbie: How can I get married when my own son can't? And the g*dd*mn President wants to change the Constitution to prevent Michael and Ben and all the other beautiful g*y men and women from having the same rights that you and I do. It just doesn't seem right.

Carl: It's very noble, sweetheart, but you're just one person.

Debbie: Well, sometimes that's all it takes. Look at Gandhi. Ben Kingsley starved himself and it turned the tide.

Carl: You're not gonna starve yourself, are you?

Debbie: There's only so much I'm humanly capable of. I am gonna send a message. And a finger. To the White House. Until my son can walk down the aisle in this country, then neither am I.

Carl: Where does that leave us?

Debbie: How do you feel about living together? In sin!

Carl: Aren't we a little too old for that?

Debbie: Christ, I hope not!

[They hug.]
[Cut to the hospital room. Mel is nursing the baby.]

Mel: She's so much proper than Gus was. Remember how fitchie he was.

Lindsay: I would. It was my breast.

Mel: This isn't as painful as I thought.

Lindsay: Get back to me in a few weeks. You'll be wishing she found someplace else to eat. (To the baby) You're finally here. You have no idea how much your mommy wanted you and what she had to go through to get you.

Mel: Don't worry, I'll be sure and tell her.

Lindsay: That old Jewish recipe? Add one tablespoon of guilt to mother's milk, stir briskly?

Mel: We have without a doubt the most beautiful shiksa goddess ever created.

Lindsay: I won't argue with that.

Mel: For a change!

[Lindz gives her a look.]

Mel: I didn't mean -

Lindsay: Do you need anything?

Mel: No.

[The nurse comes in to take the baby back to the nursery]

Nurse: Alright young lady. Time for your nap. See your mommies later.

Mel: Yes, sweet dreams, sweetheart.

[Lindz prepares to leave.]

Lindsay: I contacted the Center's childcare services. They have a list of several women who can help you out. And Dusty said if you need anything, you can call her.

Mel: What about you?

[Lindz doesn't say anything just looks at her.]

Mel: Then you're really going.

Lindsay: It's what we both agreed to. Isn't it?

[Mel nods, but she looks as though she might be having second thoughts. Lindsay leaves. The last shot is Mel sitting on the bed, looking forlorn.]

[The GLC people present Liberty House.]

Tannis: On behalf of the g*y and l*sbian Center I'd like to present Liberty House with this check for $432,000.

[all cheers]

Philip: Every cent raised will go to make the hospice and previning his clients with the best care of possible.

Tannis: We like to thank every one who rode [cut to Michael, Ben and Hunter], who let their support [cut to Ted and Emmett], their time, their sponorship [cut to Brian and Justin]. And now in honor of one of our brothers we recently lost...

Philip: A great friend, a volenteer and supporter...

Tannis: Liberty House has been renamed... Vic Grassi House.

[All cheers. Cut to a shocked Debbie. She nearly cries. Cut to a shocked Michael, to. He goes to his mom and kiss on her cheek.]

Tannis: Thank you very much for coming!

[All goes by Deb and kisses on her cheek. Justin, Ted, Emmett and even Rodney. Only Brian are stands besides. She goes to him.]

Debbie: You got them to do this, didn't you?

Brian: It's still America, Deb. Money talks.

Debbie: For once, it said the right thing.

[She goes to hug Michael.]

Debbie: Vic would be so proud!

Michael: Too bad he couldn't be here to see it.

Debbie: He sees it. C'mon.

[Cut to another Brian at Babylon dream sequence. Flashing lights, naked dancing boys with swinging ba*ls. And here comes Vic. He and Brian levitate above the dancing crowd.]

Brian: So, have I atoned for my sins?

Vic: That would take an eternity. But you sure as hell get an A for effort!

Brian: Please don't say hell.

Vic: By the way, I happen to agree with you. I was damn lucky to get those four extra years. Sure, I would've liked more. Who wouldn't? But you're going to have a lot more than that.

Brian: Did God tell you that?

Vic: Actually, he told Judy and she told me.

Brian: Judy?

Vic: Garland. They're like this.

[He crosses his fingers together.]

Brian: You mean God's - ?

Vic: You didn't hear it from me!

[Vic laughs and hit Brian on his shoulder.]

[Brian wakes up on the floor of the loft, where he's been napping. His arm that Vic hit is k*lling him. Justin rushes over from the computer.]

Justin: You OK?

Brian: Yeah, I'll be alright. I heard it from the best authority. So, did you f*ck Tom Cruise?

Justin: Everybody knows he's not g*y!

Brian: Adrian Brody?

Justin: Nah, he's -

Brian: Tobey Maguire?

Justin: Please! (whispers) Connor James!

[Brian laughs.]

Brian: No sh*t! Sounds like you had a most excellent adventure.

Justin: Sounds like you did, too.

Brian: Bicycling down life's endless highways, I had time to think.

Justin: Oh?

Brian: About what I'd do differently if I survived cancer AND sleeping in a tent.

Justin: Equally unpleasant, I agree. But now that you have, what did you decide?

Brian: The first thing I'd do differently is the bedroom. Get rid of that thing over the bed.

Justin: Yeah, it's very 90's, I agree.

Brian: And then I'd like to spend more time with my son. He's at an age now when he needs a strong masculine influence. Especially being raised by a couple of d*kes. He's got to know about Armani, Gucci, Prada, not just football and engine tuning.

Justin: Unquestionably. Any other decisions?

Brian: I want you to move back in.

Justin: Huh?

Brian: I said I'd like it if you and I were to live together.

Justin: Are you proposing?

Brian: Of course not. With the sudden and unexpected plethora of g*y marriages, I'd hate to add to the glut. All this running back and forth between here and Daphne's is time-consuming. And inconvenient. I mean, just last week, you forgot your socks and had to borrow a pair of mine. And as for the times when you're not around, I wouldn't particularly mind it if you were.

Justin: I've been waiting for you to ask me that since the first night you brought me here.

Brian: Well, then what do you say? Should I make room in my drawers for your drawers?

[Justin is indecisive. Or conflicted. Or something.][And now for the final scene of the season. Ben's asleep, but Mikey can't sleep.]

Michael: Ben? Ben! I was just seeing if you were asleep.

Ben: I'm wide awake - now. Are you ok?

Michael: I don't know. I just can't seem to settle down. Too much excitement, I guess.

Ben: It has been pretty eventful.

Michael: No sh*t! My head is spinning. The ride and the baby and the wedding!

Ben: I can't believe we're really married.

Michael: Are we? Really?

Ben: Of course we are.

Michael: We don't live in Canada, we live here. Is it still real?

Ben: Let me ask you a question. Even if it was real for just a day, was it worth it?

Michael: So worth it!

Ben: It won't be long before it happens here. It's all beginning. We're a part of it.

[They kiss.]

Michael: You know, come to think of it, we never really had a proper wedding night.

Ben: Sure we did. Sharing our tents, our little air mattresses.

Michael: I think we can do better than that.

[Cut to finished Season 4.]

Music: # Somewhere Over the Rainbow from Me First and the Gimme Gimmes

Somewhere over the Rainbow

Way up high

There's a land that I heard of, once

In a lullaby.

Somewhere over the Rainbow

Skies are blue

And the dreams that you dare to dream

Really do come true

Someday I'll wish upon a star

And wake up where the clouds

Are far behind me

Where troubles melt like lemon drops

Away above the chimney tops

That's where you'll find me

Somewhere over the Rainbow

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In a lullaby.

Somewhere over the Rainbow

Skies are blue

And the dreams that you dare to dream

Really do come true

If happy little bluebirds fly

Behond the rainbow

Why oh why can't I #

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